Select Miscellany.

WHAT THE TRAVELER SAID AT

The shadows grow and deepen round me; I feel the dew-fall in the air; The muezzin of the darkening thicket, I hear the night-thrush call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells, And loving hands uncless from mine; Alone I go to meet the darkness Across an awful boundary-line.

As from the lighted hearths behind me I pass with slow, reluctant feet, What waits me in the land of strangeness? What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

What space shall awe, what brightness blind me What thunder-roll of music stun? What vast processions sweep before me

Of shapes unknown beneath the sun? I dread the myriad-voiced strain; Give me the unforgotten faces, And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning Who is our brother and our friend, In whose full life, divine and human, The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul-communion, The sense of spiritual strength renewed, The reverence for the pure and holy,

The dear delight of doing good, No fitting ear is mine to listen An endless anthem's rise and fall:

For love must needs be more than know ledge; What matter if I never know Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy, Or colder Strius white as snow!

The pearl gate and the jasper wall.

Forgive my human words, O Father! I go thy larger truth to prove; Thy mercy shall transcend my longing; I seek but love, and thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned for Safe in thy sheltering goodness still, And all that hope and faith foreshadow Made perfect in thy holy will. -J. G. Whittier, in Independent.

The Gambler's Wife.

"What new beauty have we here, Carl?" 1 asked, taking a small colored picture from among the mass of papers, pamphlets, wrapping paper, etc., that covered the table and floor of the library, and which would have told plainly enough to all acquaintances that Carl was at home once more, after this, his longest ramble in foreign lands, without the corroborating testimony of cigar smoke, or the lounging figure in the old rocking-chair.

For this brother of mine never spent over six months of the year in the beautiful country home of his childhood, giving the other six to whatever place or people promised most entertain-ment on short notice. The last three months had been spent in Paris, so I conjectured the little gem of art I held in my hand was a French beauty: the pure outlines and exquisite complexion looking most lifelike as they smiled up at me from the tinted card. But, notwithstanding the great beauty of contour and feature, there was a frightened, almost haunted, look in the dark eyes, that told of tragedy,

or at least anticipated it.
"Who is she. Carl? The eyes affect me strangely, with their wild, frightened look. There is a reign of terror in them equal to the one her ancestors pass through. I almost see the shadow of the guillotine in their velvety depths."

"Let me see; ah, my little sister, may you never know so hard a fate as this poor girl encountered and succumbed to. No, she is not French—a Russian—but married to a Frenchman." And Carl took the picture from my hand, and placed it on a small easel above his desk. "I will tell you about her, Louie, if you have an hour, and I will tell why I told you."

"It was while Tom Barnes was with me last June, and when we left Versailles for Paris, that I first saw Madame Literre, though I think the name an assumed one. We had to run to prevent being left. I remember, and Barnes, out of humor because of it, plunged his face into his book. and left me to my own resources.

"As soon as I was comfortably settled, I, as usual, began scrutinizing my traveling companions, and to try to imagine who and what they were. There were four besides ourselves in the carriage. One, a quiet, middle-aged Englishman, who was soon asleep in his corner. The two who sat next myself were evidently husband and wife, though he paid her none of the attention and politeness usually accorded in public, even if dispensed with privately. He was a pale, quiet man of twenty-five, perhaps, richly but quietly dressed, and seemingly taking no notice of any one around him. The wife, too, was pale, and much as she looks there in that little picture. Her dress, though simple, was perfect, and evidently the production of some first-rate artiste. Her whole style proclaimed her at once to belong to the higher order of society.

"She seemed to be suffering, and fre quently put her hand to her forehead and I observed upon the delicately-formed ungloved hand a costly diamond. It was beauty, and I enjoyed looking at the flashing gems as she caressed a small English dog that often looked up at her with affectionate recognition."

"The other passenger I could not make out at all. He was elderly, commonly dressed, and with scant gray hair and heavy whiskers. His piercing eyes were frequently placed on the silent young married couple, and then he seemed as utterly oblivious of them as they of him. What was his nationality? with them, or a stranger like myself? could not tell. And the more I looked the more uncertain I became. I thought, too, there seemed an effort at disguise. He kept his face averted all he could, consistent with his watchfulness of the quiet, young husband that he at times eyed so

very persistently. We sped along over the beautiful road, each absorbed in his own reflections, broken only by an occasional low sigh from the lady, and soon arrived at our destination. The train stopped, and as none of my companions showed any disposition to move first, I aroused Barnes from the depths of his romance, and we

left the carriage. "Dinner over, we went to the theatre, and afterward, by the persuasion of a friend, to a private gambling house. I was greatly surprised on entering, to see my elderly traveling companion seated at the table, his eyes and manner keen as ever, and deep in a game of rouge et noir. It was early yet, and very few people were present; but every sound was hushed, and the game went on in dead silence, but every sound was hushed, and the game went on in dead silence, and the game went on the works of the dealers. broken only by the voices of the dealers calling the result of the games, and the rattling of the gold as it was raked from one to another. The old man seemed in luck for the time being, and won every game. I thought a gleam of satisfaction shone over his face as the door opened and our other traveling acquaintance from

Versailles—the quiet, careless husband— entered and sat down to play.

deal. Rouleau after rouleau was swept from the table by his watchful old opponent; but still he played on. The large sums he lost, and his pale, excited face, deeply interested me, and I stayed on and watched him until late at night, when he left the room, his last Napoleon gone.

back to my room at the hotel, but for some cause could not sleep. The heat was oppressive and my room small; besides, the game I had been watching had excited me strangely, and I only fell into a troubled sleep near marriag.

"Excuse me," said the reporter, "but Months and the strangely and the strangely and I only fell into a troubled sleep near marriag. " After supping at a coffee-house, I went troubled sleep near morning.

"I was awakened about daylight by voices in the adjoining room—those of a man and woman, evidently. The man's voice was low and pleading, and the woman seemed to be crying. I could hear enough to understand that she was refusing him some request, for his tones be-came loud and threatening, and at last I heard him say:

and your own. I have no more goldand I must have the diamonds to retrieve

"Hysterical sobs were the only answer he received, and he continued: " Something tells me I shall

night, and I must have the ring.' "" Never, Charles! I cannot give it up. you."
It is all I have left. It was my mother's, "B and I will not let it leave me.'

"The man's voice was so choked with passion that his words were inarticulate, but with a burst of wild anger he left, slamming the door after him. The woman's sobs became lower, her crying ceased, and I fell into another nap, not waking

until near ten o'clock. "I saw neither of my gambling acquaintances that day, and the night found me again at Monsieur Carlo's rooms. The old man was again on hand-not satisfied, I thought, with his winnings of the night before—and again I saw a gleam of satisfaction cross his face as his victim of the previous evening came in and got ready

" Make your game—the game is made up!' cried the dealer, and was about to deal the cards when the young man who had just entered called out in a loud voice :

" Fifty Napoleons upon the red!' " Seeing he placed no money upon the table, the croupier paused a moment, then said

"'Sir, you must stake the money.' "The gambler started and turned paler than ever, a long, shuddering sigh broke from him as he felt first in one pocket, then in another, and finally grasped his hat and fled from the room. The playing went on for a while longer, and then, one by one, they went out, leaving only the attendants, the old keeneyed gambler, and myself present. Some-thing—an undeniable feeling of interest in the unhappy young man who had left the house in such despair a short time before-held me there. I must see if he returned.

" Suddenly the door opened and he ran in, as if fleeing for his life. I shall never forget that sight, Louie. His face was ghastly, disordered, and he trembled as though with ague. As he rushed up to the table, in the strong glare of lights, I saw great drops of prespiration standing on his brow. He thrust his hand in his pocket and tossed a ring down before his

opponent. "There! it is worth ten thousand francs. Now cover my stakes, he cried.
"I instantly recognized the beautiful diamond as the one his wife had worn in the cars, and the conversation I had heard that morning came back to my memory, and I knew my fellow-travelers were the man and woman I had heard disputing in the early morning hours. But he had suc-ceeded in overcoming her determination, for he had the ring, and my heart sched for the poor wife, as I wondered how he had obtained it.

" 'Red! I bet on the red!' again shouted the young man; and in a moment the cover whether he was awake. There was croupier called 'Black wins!' and the ring no doubt about it. was no longer his."

"With a wild cry the wretched loser fled from the house; and completely un-manned by what I had seen, I returned to my hotel, hoping the young man would soon follow me.

"I found them all-travelers, proprietor and servants, wild with excitement over the murder of the beautiful Russian lady. An hour before, her maid had gone to her room and found her deluged in blood from a wound in her head, dead. The husband had been in and left some few moments before. I went up to her apartments and to the bed where she lay. Her exquisite face was fairer than in life, for it had lost the unhappy look and seemed at peace. As I turned to leave the room, I saw this pic-ture among a heap of things turned out of a man's traveling case, and appro-priated it. Probably the husband had tossed it there in his search for some val-

uables to risk at the gaming-table. "The miserable man took his life before he was apprehended for his crime; and the old gambler, who, first in one disguise, then in another, had followed the easily duped victim from city to city, and won many thousands from him, left Paris before the husband and wife were carried to their last resting-place in the beautiful burying-ground where his fore-

fathers slept.

"Louie, this is why I refused to play, even with Howard, last evening. I have never touched cards since, and I never can again."-San Francisco Call.

Interviewing Mrs. Young.

Hearing that Brigham Young, Jr., and his family had arrived from Salt Lake and were quartered at the American House, one of the Tribune reporters took a notion yesterday morning that he would run down and interview Mrs. Young. The scheme of interviewing Brigham was an old one-there would be no enterprise in anything of the kind, but the idea of a chat with the wife seemed new and brilliant.

"Can I see Mrs. Brigham Young in the parlor for a few moments?" inquired the reporter at the office counter of the Amer-

ican House.

"Walk up to the parlor and I'll find out," said Mr. Smith. The parlor was the largest the reporter had ever seen. It was eighty feet one way and seventy the other, and the ceiling was so high that the reporter thought they must have to use a telescope to de-termine when it needed whitewashing. He sat down in a chair in one corner. Pretty soon a tall, stout lady entered the

room. "Mrs. Young, I suppose?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sir," answered the lady.
"I have called, madam," said the reporter, "to ascertain your views on ques-

tions involved by polygamy and other in-stitutions peculiar to Mormonism."

"Ah, sir," said the lady pleasantly, as she took a seat, "I fear I shall be unable entered and sat down to play.

My whole attention was given to those two. The young man lost from the first to gratify your curiosity. My husband has gone out for a walk; when he returns he will doubtless be glad to advise you

upon any topic concerning our faith, of

"But I wish to obtain your views," explained the reporter. "Mr. Young has frequently been heard through the press, while his wife has never been interviewed. May I hope, madam, that you will accord the Tribune the honor of being the first

"Excuse me," said the reporter, "but Mrs. Young was the lady I asked for." "Well, I am Mrs. Young," said the

small, thin lady. "Yes." said the tall, stout lady, "this is Mrs. Young, and so am I. This is Sophia, Mr. Young's fourth wife, while I am Margaret, his seventh wife—he calls

The reporter was considerably embarrassed. He might have been happy with 'If you refuse me, you seal my ruin either, were t'other fair charmer away.

"Be seated, madam," said he; "I have called to ascertain your views on the questions involved by polygamy and other institutions peculiar to Mormonism."

"Oh, but I've nothing to say," pro-tested the small, thin lady; Brigham will be in shortly, and maybe he'll talk with

"But, madam," urged the reporter,
"Mr. Young has frequently been heard
from through the press, while his wife—
beg pardon, I mean his wives have

"Who was it wanted to see me in the parlor?" asked a red-haired, freckle-faced lady, coming into the room at this

"Why, this gentleman is a reporter," explained the tall, stout lady, "and he has came to interview us. Mr. Reporter, this is Mrs. Lucy Young, my Brigham's second wife."

"Mrs. Lucy Young bowed stiffly and sat down on a hair-cloth sofs. "I'm not going to be interviewed," she said. "If there's any interviewing to be

done, Briggy's got to do it." "Hello, girls, anybody down here want

to see me ?" The inquirer was a curly-headed, redcheeled young lady, who came bouncing into the room very unceremoniously. "It's a reporter come to interview us,"

said the freckle-faced lady. "A reporter? Why, how funny!" ex-claimed the curly-haired, red-cheeked young lady, laughing heartily. She sat down next to the reporter.

"I'm one of the Mrs. Young," said the, "but I musth's say a word that is liable to be printed. Brig would never forgive me if I did. I'm his fourteenth wife, you know, and he's awful jealous. Oh, there you are, Emma. Come in, my dear. Here's an editor who wants to interview

Emma was another wife-the eighth. She was cross-eyed, but otherwise comely to view. She was followed by Rachel the third wife, who was brown-haired and blue-eyed, and demure-looking. They were duly introduced. The reporter felt himself called upon to commence all over

"Mrs. Young," said he, addressing the group, "I have called to ascertain your views on questions involved by polygamy and other institutions peculiar to the Mormons.

"Wouldn't it be better to call the rest of us before we attempt to be interviewed?" suggested the eighth Mrs.

"Perhaps so," said the reporter. Butbut—but how many are there of you?"
"Oh, we've quite a family," said the fourth Mrs. Young; and going to the par-lor door called out: "Maud, Jennie, Clara, Rebecca, Harriet, Mabel, Ruth, Julia, Frances, Mary, Caroline, Esther, come into the parlor, and bring the rest of us with you."

The reporter pinched himself to dis-

Mrs. Young began to stream into the parlor. There was every variety of her. She was tall, short, fat, leau. red-faced, pale-cheeked, plump, scrawny, old, young, sour, pleasant, vivacious, stupid, grace-ful and awkward. The parlor got crowded—why don't they have bigger parlors at the American House, anyway? The idea of expecting a reporter to interview Mrs. Young in a room not more than six by eight! The air was stifling. The reporter felt as if he were going to faint. He began to regret he had ever undertaken the novel task of interviewing Mrs. Young.

"Oh, girls, girls, here comes Briggy!" cried one of the ladies who had been look-

ing out of the window. "Where? where?" screamed the rest, rushing pellmell to the windows—there were seven of them-and craning their necks to get a look at their husband. Such a scrambling and hustling never were seen before. Mrs. Young pushed, crowded, slapped, and scratched one another in their attempts to secure a view

of her liege lord. " See, he threw a kiss at me," exclaimed Mrs. Young. "He didn't, either! It was for me!"

cried Mrs. Young. And immediately the rest of Mrs. Young indignantly asserted the kiss was meant for her, and then ensued a war of words, in which such endearing epithets as "You saucy jade," "You pert minx," "You mean thing," and "You cross old hen" figured conspicuously. The reporter crept wearily away from the scene. As he tottered through the hotel office, Mr. Smith stopped him.

"I hope you succeeded in getting the interview you wanted," said Mr. Smith; "I did the best I could under the circumstances, but the fact is, quite a number of Mrs. Young have gone out shopping and others were feeling too much under the weather to receive callers."—Denver Trib-

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman, who preached in Massachusetts, found his hearers diminishing day by day, and consulted an old Scotch seafaring man, who could not boast of much religion—but who stuck by the ship-why the people would not come to church. "I cannot exactly tell, mon; ye preached on spring and autumn beautiful discourses, and ye improved the great accident and loss of life on the Sound; ye might try them with something out of the Bible, and being fresh, may be it will hold them another Sunday or two!"-Exchange.

Down in Salem, New Jersey, a case was brought up in court, in which an old boat was the property in dispute. "Well, you see," said one of the witnesses, "I owned one-third of the boat, and Bill Monk owned one-third. So we—" "But who owned the other one-third?" asked the plaintiff's attorney. "Huh?" queried the witness. "Who owned the remaining one-third?" repeated the lawyer. "Oh!" exclaimed the witness: "Nobuddy. There wasn't only about two-thirds of

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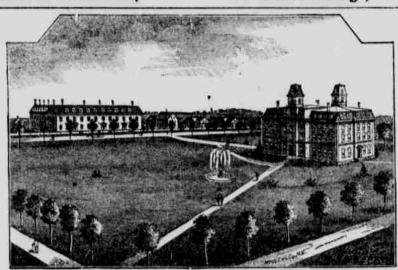
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Home Farm of 200 Acres situated one mile south of Marshfield village, on the read to Montpelier. There is a good sugar orchard of 800 trees and a good apple orchard sufficient for family use. The buildings are nearly new and in good condition. The house is mouse and rat proof, with cemented cellar, Good soft, durable water runs to house and barns, and never fails. The farm is well divided and under a good

Will Cut Eighty Tons of Hay. I have a quantity of back pasture also for sale. I would like parties wishing to purchase, to come and see it before the crops are put in or hay is cut and in the barn, and see for themselves what the farm is. Also, on Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1883, at one o'clock, r. x.,

A Farm in Woodbury, Vt., at the bead of West Long Pond, on the West Woodbury road leading from Hardwick through Worcester to Mont-peller. Contains about 175 acres, well divided, the mow-ing being mostly mesdow and intervale, and

Cuts Fifteen Tons of Hav. with pasturage. Also contains a large assortment of timber, and a young apple and sugar orchard. It has two good barns; the house was burned two years ago. Nev-failing soft water runs to the barns. Both farms will be sold on easy terms to suit purchasers.

Marshfield, Vt., May 25, 1881. 98-15

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Probate Motices.

WILLIS LANE'S ESTATE.

In Probate Court, heid at Montpeller, in and for said District, on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1883.

An instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Willis Lane, late of Marshfield, in said District, deceased, being presented to the Court by Dudley B. Smith, the Executor therein named, for Probate: it is ordered by said Court that all persons concerned therein the notified to appear at a session of said Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Mostpeller, on the 8th day of July, A. D. 1883, and show came, if any they may have, against the Probate of said will; for which purpose it is further ordered, that notice of this order be published three weeks auccessively in the Vermont Watchman & State Journal, printed at Montpeller, previous to said time ampointed to bearing.

By the Court -Attest,

A LFRED MEHURON'S ESTATE.

A LFRED MEHURON'S ESTATE.

COMMISTIONERS' NOTICE.

The undersgmed, having been appointed by the Honable Probate Court for the District of Washington, Commissioners, to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and
remands of all persons against the estate of Aifred Meharon, late of Waitsfield in said District, deceased, and
all claims exhibited in offset thereto, bereby give notice
that we will meet for the purvoses aforesaid, at the
office of J. W. Gregory, on the 12th day of August and
12th day of October next, from one o'clock, r. M., until
four o'clock, r. M., sech of said days, and that six month
from the 13th day of April, A. D. 1883, is the time limlied by said Court for said creditors to present their
claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Waitsfield, this list day of May, A. D. 1882,

00-02

H. M. WAITE, { Commissioners.

H. M. WATLE, 1

HARVEY TILDEN'S ESTATE.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.
The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hudovandle Probate Court for the District of Washington, Commissioners, to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Harvey Tilden, late of Barre, in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid at the late residence of said deceased, in said Barre, on the 5th day of July and 5th day of December next, from one o'clock r. s. until four o'clock r. s. action is said days, and that six months from the 5th day of June, A. D. 1883, as the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Barre, this 8th day of June, A. D. 1883.

HOMER W. HEATON: Commissioners.

G. W. DODGE,

A. C. Averilla, Administrator.

WILLIAM LEET'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT, Washington District, se. In Probate Court, held at Montpeller, in said District, on the 18th day of dime, A. D. 1883.

James H. Holden, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of William Leet, late of Moretown, in said District, deceased, presents his administration account for examination and allowance, and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased. Whereupon, it is ordered by said Court, that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate Office in said Montpelier, on the 7th day of July, A. D. 1883, for hearing and decision thereon; and, it is further ordered, that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the Vermont Watchman & State Journal, a newspaper published at Montpelier, previous to said time appointed for learing, that they may appear at said time appointed for learing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have, why said account should not be allowed, and such decree made.

8 the Court.—Attest, 61-69

A. D. DISON L. WAY'S ESTATE.

A. C. AVERLILL, Register.

A DDISON I. WAV'S ESTATE.

A STATE OF VERMONT, Washington District, so.
In Probate Court, held as Montpelier, in said District, on the 12th day of June, A. D. 1883:
S. D. Allen, Administrator of the estate of Addison I., Way, late of Warren, in said District, deceased, presents his administration account for examination and allowance, and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said deceased. Wherenpon, it is ordered by said Court, that said account and said application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate Office, in said Montpelier, on the sith day of July, A. D. 1888, for hearing and decision thereon and, it is further orderest, that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the Vermont Watchman & State Journal, a newspaper published at Montpeller, previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time appointed for hearing, that they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have, why said account should not be allowed, and such decree made.

By the Court—Attest.

90-02

SOPHIA STONE'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT. District of Washington, se, in Probate Court, held at Montrelier, in said District, on the 17th day of June, A. D. 1883.

John M. Fisher, Administration of the estate of Sophia Stone, late of Cabot, in said District, deceased, presents his administration account for exadination and slow-since, and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of each deceased. Wherenpon, it is ordered by said Court, that said account and sain application be referred to a session thereof, to be held at the Probate Office in said Montpelier, on the left of the said of the said of the estate of the said sphing of the said sphing and decision thereon: And, it is further ordered, that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the Vermont Watchman & State Journal, a newspaper published at Montpeller, previous to said time appointed for hearing, that they may they may have, why said account should not be allowed and such decree made.

By the Court.—Attest,

A. C. Aventle, Register.

A. D. Borne, A. D. Best.

John M. Fisher, Freeting of the last Will and Testament of Faitin Purnan, late of Cabot, in said District necessed, presents his administration account for examination and allowance, and makes application for a decree of distribution and partition of the estate of said decased. Whereupen, it is ordered by said Court, that said account and said application be referred to a sestion thereof, to be held at the Probate Office, in said Montpeller, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1881, for bearing and decision thereof, And, it is further ordered, that notice hereof be given to all persons interested, by publication of the same three weeks successively in the Vermont Watchman & State Journal, a newspaper published at Montpeller, previous to said time appointed for hosting, list they may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they may have, why said account should not be allowed, and such decree made.

By the Court.—After.

A. C. Aventle, Register.

DANIEL K. RENNETT'S ESTATE.

STATE OF VERMONT, Washington District so.
In Probate Court, Beid at Montpeller, in and for said
District, on the lith day of June, A. D. 1883;
Caroline L. Bennett, Administratic, with the will annexed, of the estate of Daniel K. Bennett, late of Meucpeller, in said District, decessed, makes application to
said Court, with the consent and approbation, in writing, of the devisees and legaters of said decessed, situsting, of the devisees and legaters of said decessed, situsting, of the devisees and legatees of said decessed, situsaid Montpeler, to wit: The "home place,"
situated on Barre street, and a lot of land situated on
Main street, representing that the sale thereof would be
beneficial to the devisees and legatees of said decessed,
and these interested in his estate. Whereupon, it is codered by said Court, that said application be referred to
a resum thereof, to be beid at the Frobate Office by said
Montpeller, on the 3d day of July A. D. 1883, to bearing
and decision thorson said, it is further ordered, that all
persons interested to be notified hereof, by publication of
notice of said application and order thereon, three
weeks successively in the Vermon at Montpeller, and
which circulates in the neighborhood of flose interseted, before said time of hearing, that they may appear
at said time and pince, and, if they see cause, object
therests,

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